

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
HORACE HART M.A. AT THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
PRESS

THE LOVE OF KING DAVID
AND FAIR BETHSABE
BY GEORGE PEELE
1599

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1912

This reprint of Peele's *David and Bethsabe* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Feb. 1913.

W. W. Greg.

The Register of the Stationers' Company contains the following entry :

xiiij^{to} die Maij ./ [1594]

Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of bothe the wardens a booke ~~Adam Islip ./~~
called the booke of David and Bethsaba vj^d C./ Edward White ./.

[Arber's Transcript, II. 649.]

Islip's name has here been cancelled in favour of White's, nevertheless it was presumably in pursuance of this entry that in 1599 appeared the edition of Peele's *Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe* bearing on the title-page the name of Adam Islip as printer, but without indication of publisher. It is the only known edition of the play : the British Museum has two copies, the Dyce and Bodleian collections contain one each, while another is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. All these copies are perfect, but in each signatures A and I are represented by single leaves. The two copies at the British Museum and that at the Bodleian have been used in the preparation of the present reprint, while the Dyce and Devonshire copies have likewise been consulted on certain points : no variants of importance have been observed. The original is a quarto printed in roman type approximating in size to modern pica (20 ll. = 85 mm.).

Among the accounts of the Earl of Worcester's company preserved in Henslowe's Diary occurs the following entry, between others dated 3 and 11 October 1602 (fol. 116^v): 'pd for poleyys & worckmanshipp for to hange absolome . . . xiiij^d'. Whether this has any connexion with Peele's play is a question

upon which, in the absence of any evidence as to the ownership of the latter, speculation would be unprofitable.

In the present reprint the play has been divided by marginal numbers into scenes, but no attempt has been made to group these into acts. The reason for this is that, whereas the play as it stands is divided by the Chorus into three rather unequal divisions, the fact that the last of these is preceded by '5. *Chorus*' (l. 1646) suggests that this arrangement is not original, even though l. 1654 as it now stands does speak of 'a third discourse'. That the play has come down to us in a mutilated shape is further witnessed by the curious fragment preserved, evidently out of place, at the foot of G 4^v (ll. 1659-62), as also by the unfulfilled promise of David's death in l. 1655. It is not necessary here to discuss the possible explanations of these peculiarities, which must be considered in connexion with certain variations in the forms of proper names elsewhere recorded. Some suggestions will be found in the notes to J. M. Manly's edition in his *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*.

Three passages from *David and Bethsabe* appear in *England's Parnassus*, 1600. They have been printed in the Society's Collections (i. 102) and correspond to ll. 81-5, 576-86, and 1808-10 of the play. The only variants are: l. 83 *fire-perfumed* for *fine perfumed*, l. 85 *Zephyrus* for *Zephires*, and l. 579 *delightfull parts* for *delightsome parkes*.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &c.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation. For the sake of greater clearness the readings are quoted in a slightly different manner from that adopted in the earlier Malone reprints. The mere repetition of a reading out of the text is equivalent to 'sic'.

T.P. Abfalon.] Abf alon, <i>B.M.</i> <i>second copy only</i>	714 firft,
16 bis	775 wonr
52 leaues,	793 Kings
117 lord,	802 <i>Abyssus</i> ,
121 tripping] <i>possibly</i> ripping	826 Philistime
218 blasphemies,	834 vncircumfed
233 doe,	896 deeret
234 <i>Vrias</i> ,	926 greenous
249 Earewell	1156 there,
280 come to] <i>possibly</i> cometo	1157 <i>speaker's name omitted</i>
282 thy maladie:] <i>possibly</i> thymaladie:	1193 <i>Achip.</i>
294 sweet fister,] <i>possibly</i> sweetfister,	1213 infaire
300 knot s of	1231 of Ifrael
318 Eearth	1251 fire,
349 makee	1290 nnmbers
350 thou] <i>possibly</i> thon	1416 <i>Abimaaas</i>
388 <i>not indented</i>	1496 monrning
443 Dauids	1620 <i>speaker's name omitted</i>
459 Aud (<i>really a turned n</i>)	1637 Ephrami
523 dead	1650 Bur
530 to the] <i>possibly</i> tothe	1662 <i>evident lacuna: the frag-</i> <i>ment is of course mis-</i> <i>placed</i>
548 <i>speaker's name repeated</i>	1662 c.w. Then
646 liue	1795 firft] firft Bodl. only
664 aud	B 4 ^v R.T. <i>Bersake.</i>
	D 1 ^v R.T. <i>Bet bsake.</i>

It will be observed that in sheets B-G the outer formes have *Bersabe* in the running-title, the inner formes *Bethsabe*. In sheet H the outer has *Bethsabe*, the inner *Bersabe*, while the solitary leaf of sheet I has *Bersabe* on both sides. It is clear that the two formes were originally set up by different compositors and that the running-titles remained when fresh sheets were set up. In sheet H the two formes were transposed, while for the solitary leaf of I, which would probably be printed at a smaller press, the running-titles were lifted out of the same original forme.

The locking of the title-page was not perfect, and the type had slipped when one of the copies now at the British Museum was printed. On H 2 verso the Bodleian copy appears to have a misprint not found in the others.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

BETHSABE, wife to Urias.	a Widow from Thecoa.
DAVID, king of Israel.	SADOC, the high priest.
CUSAY, a follower of David.	AHIMAAS, his son.
JOAB, } captains of David's	JONATHAN, son of Abiathar.
ABISAY, } army.	ITHAY, a follower of David.
URIAS, a soldier in David's	two Concubines of David's.
army.	ACHITOPHEL, a follower of Absolon.
HANON, king of Ammon.	AMASA, captain of Absolon's
MACHAAS, king of Gath.	army.
AMMON, son of David.	ABIATHAR, a priest.
JONADAB, a follower of Ammon.	SEMEI, accuser of David.
JETHRAY, servant of Ammon.	a Soldier in David's army.
THAMAR, daughter of David.	SALOMON } sons of David.
ABSOLON, son of David.	CHILEAB } sons of David.
NATHAN, a prophet.	a Messenger.
a Slave of David's.	
ADONIA, son of David.	

Bethsabe's maid, soldiers in the armies of David, Hanon, Machaas, and Absolon, attendants on David and Absolon, Ammon's page, Shepherds.

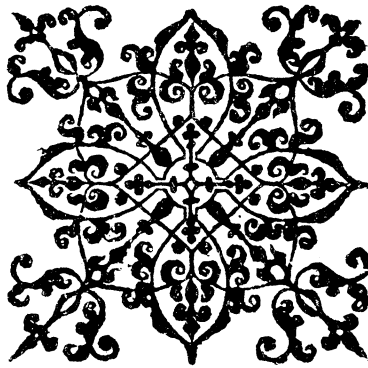
The prologue and choruses were no doubt spoken by the same character. David's slave speaks the lines given to *Servus* on D 3, one of his soldiers those lacking speaker's name on G 4. Many of the proper names vary considerably in form. Bethsabe and Bersabe both occur in the running-titles, Bethsabe is the form on the title-page, Bersabe in the head-title. In the text Bersabe first occurs in l. 605, and, except in l. 623, this is the form found down to l. 744. The name next occurs in l. 1720 as Bethsabe, which is the form used throughout the rest of the play with the single exception of l. 1736. We find in the same way Rabath and Hanon in scene ii, Rabba and Hannon in scene ix, while Absolon alternates with Absalon and Abisay with Abyshai.

THE
LOVE OF KING
DAVID AND FAIR
BETHSABE.

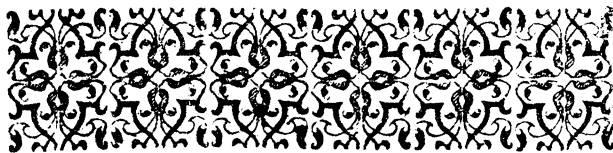
With the Tragedie of Absalon.

As is hash ben diuers times plaied on the stage.

Written by George Peole.



LONDON;
Printed by Adam Millip.
1599.



The lotie of *Dauid* and faire *Bersabe*,
with the Tragedie of *Absolon*.

Prologus.

IF Israels sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy stile and happie victories,
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring deaw,
Arch-angels stilled from the breath of Ioue,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers,
Heauens raine on tops of Syon and Mount Synai,
Vpon the bosome of his yuorie Lute,
The Cherubins and Angels laid their brests,
And when his consecrated fingers strooke
The golden wiers of his rauishing harpe,
He gaue alarum to the host of heauen,
That wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds and cast
Their christall armor, at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet Poet Ioues Musition,
And of bis beauteous sonne I prease to sing.
Then helpe deuine Adonay to conduct,
Vpon the wings of my well tempered verse,
The hearers minds about the towers of Heauen,
And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire,
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble muse,
And at thy feet her yron Pendorth vse.

B

He

Dauid and Bethsabe.

*He drawes a curtaine, and discovereth Bethsabe with her maid
bathing cuer a spring: she sings, and Dauid
sits alone viewing her.*

Song.



Of sunne, coole fire, temperd with sweet aire,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white haire
Shine sun, burne fire, breath aire, and ease mee,
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me
Shadow (my sweet nurse) keep me from burning
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
Let not my beauties fire,
Enflame vnstaied desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye,
That wandreth lightly.

Bethsabe. Come gentle Zephire trickt with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweetned Adams loue,
And stroke my bosome with the silken fan:
This shade (sun prooffe) is yet no prooffe for thee,
Thy body smother then this wauelesse spring,
And purer then the substance of the same,
Can creepe through that his launces cannot pierce,
Thou and thy sister soft and sacred aire,
Goddesse of life, and gouernesse of health,
Keepes euery fountaine fresh and arbor sweet,
No brasen gate, her passage can repulse,
Nor bushly thicker, bar thy subtile breath,
Then decke thee with thy loose delightfome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with vs through the leaues.
Da. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soule, incensed with a suddain fire,
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise
Enioyes the beautie of so faire a dame?
Faie Eua plac'd in perfect happinesse,

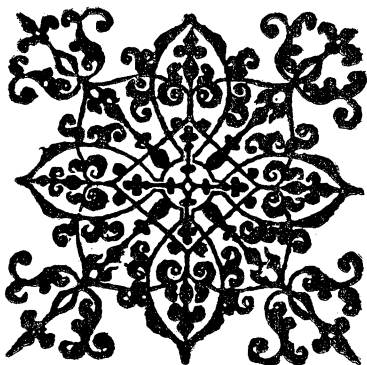
Len-

THE
LOVE OF KING
DAVID AND FAIR
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With the Tragedie of Abfalon.

As it hath bene diuer times plaied on the stage.

Written by George Peele.



LONDON,
Printed by Adam Islip.


1599.



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Prologus.

Prol.

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Decking her temples with the glorious flowers,
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Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire,
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble muse,
And at thy feet her yron Pen doth vse.

10

20

B

He

David and Bethsabe.

*He drawes a curtaine, and discouers Bethsabe with her maid Sc. i
bathing ouer a spring : she sings, and David
sits aboue vewing her.*

Song.



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Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white haire
Shine sun, burne fire, breath aire, and ease mee, 30
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me
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Bethsabe. Come gentle Zephire trickt with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweetned Adams loue,
And stroke my bosome with the filken fan : 40
This shade (sun prooffe) is yet no prooffe for thee,
Thy body smooother then this wauelesse spring,
And purer then the substance of the same,
Can creepe through that his launces cannot pierse,
Thou and thy sister soft and sacred aire,
Goddesse of life, and gouerneesse of health,
Keepes euery fountaine fresh and arbor sweet,
No brazen gate, her passage can repulse,
Nor bushly thicket, bar thy subtile breath,
Then decke thee with thy loose delightfome robes, 50
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with vs through the leaues,

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My soule, incensed with a suddain fire,
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise
Enioyes the beautie of so faire a dame ?
Faile Eua plac'd in perfect happinesse,

Len-

David and Bethsabe.

Lending her praise-notes to the liberall heauens,
Strooke with the accents of Arch-angels tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husbands thoughts, 60
Then this faire womans words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plaine that beares her pleasant weight,
Be still enameld with discoloured flowers,
That precious fount, beare sand of purest gold,
And for the Peble, let the siluer streames
That pierce earths bowels to mainteine the force,
Play vpon Rubies, Saphires, Chrisolites,
The brims let be imbrac'd with golden curls
Of mosse that sleepest with sound the waters make,
For ioy to feed the fount with their recourse, 70
Let all the grasse that beautifies her bower,
Beare Manna euery morne in steed of dew,
Or let the dew be sweeter far then that
That hangs like chaines of pearle on Hermon hill,
Or balme which trickled from old Arons beard.

Cusay, come vp and serue thy lord the King. *Enter Cusay.*

Cus. What seruice doth my lord the King command?

David. See Cusay see, the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeies the King,
In all the land the lord subdued to me. 80
Fairer then Ifacs louer at the well,
Brighter then inside barke of new hewen Cædar,
Sweeter then flames of fine perfumed myrrhe.
And comelier then the siluer clouds that dance
On Zephires wings before the king of heauen.

Cus. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethites wife
Vrias, now at Rabath siege with Ioab?

Dau. Goe know, and bring her quickly to the King,
Tell her, her graces hath found grace with him.

Cusay. I will my lord. *Exit Cusay to Bethsabe.* 90

David. Bright Bethsabe shall wash in Dauids bower,
In water mix'd with purest Almond flower,
And bath her beautie in the milke of kids,

Dauid and Berfabe.

Bright Bethfabe giues earth to my desires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
To flowers, fweet Odors, and to Odors wings,
That carrie pleasures to the hearts of Kings.

Cufay to Bethfabe, ſhe starting as ſomething afright.

Cufay. Faire Bethfabe, the King of Ifraell
From forth his Princely tower hath ſeen thee bath, 100
And thy fweet graces haue found grace with him,
Come then and kneele vnto him where he ſtands,
The King is gracious, and hath liberall hands.

Beth. Ah what is Bethfabe to pleaſe the King,
Or what is Dauid, that he ſhould deſire
For fickle beuties fake his ſeruants wiſe ?

Cufay. Dauid (thou knoweſt faire dame) is wiſe and iuſt,
Elected to the heart of Ifraels God,
Then doe not thou expoſtulate with him
For any action that contents his ſoule. 110

Beth. My lord the King, elect to Gods owne heart,
Should not his gracious ielouſſie incenſe,
Whoſe thoughts are chaſt, I hate incontinence.

Cufay. Woman thou wrongſt the King, & doubtſt his ho-
Whoſe truth mainteines the crowne of Ifrael, (nour,
Making him ſtay, that bad me bring thee ſtrait.

Beth. The Kings poore handmaid will obey my lord,

Cuf. Then come and doe thy dutie to his grace,
And doe what ſeemeth fauour in his fight.

Exeunt.

Dauid. Now comes my louer tripping like the Roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her haire,
To ioy her loue Ile build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred ſtreames,
That for their homage to her ſouereine ioies,
Shall as the ſerpents fold into their neſts,
In oblique turnings wind the nimble waues,
About the circles of her curious walkes,

And

David and Bersabe.

And with their murmure fummon easefull sleepe,
To lay his golden scepter on her browes, 130
Open the dores, and enterteine my loue,
Open I say, and as you open finge,
Welcome faire Bethsabe King Davids darling.

Enter Cusay with Bethsabe.

David. Welcome faire Bethsabe King Davids darling,
Thy bones faire couering, erst discouered faire,
And all mine eyes with all thy beuties pierst,
As heauens bright eye burnes most when most he climes
The crooked Zodiake with his fierie sphere,
And shineth furthest from this earthly globe: 140
So since thy beutie scorcht my conquerd soule,
I cald thee neerer for my neerer cure.

Bethsa. Too neere my lord was your vnarmed heart,
When furthest off my haplesse beutie pierc'd,
And would this drerie day had turnd to night,
Or that some pitchie cloud had klok'd the Sun,
Before their lights had caus'd my lord to see
His name disparag'd, and my chastitie.

David. My loue, if want of loue haue left thy soule,
A sharper sence of Honor then thy King, 150
(For loue leads Princes sometimes from their seats,)
As erst my heart was hurt, displeasing thee,
So come and tast thy ease, with easing me.

Beth. One medicine cannot heale our different harmes,
But rather make both ranckle at the bone,
Then let the King be cunning in his cure,
Least flattering both, both perish in his hand.

David. Leaue it to me my deereft Bethsabe,
Whose skill is inconuersant deeper cures,
And Cusay hast thou to my seruant Ioab, 160
Commanding him to send Vrias home
With all the speed can possibly be vsed.

Cusay. Cusay will flie about the Kings desire.

Exeunt.

B iij

Enter

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Enter Ioab, Abifay, Vrias, and others, with drum and ensigne. Sc. ii

Ioab. Courage ye mightie men of Israel,
And charge your fatall instruments of war
Vpon the bosomes of prowde Ammons sonnes,
That haue disguild your Kings Embassadors,
Cut halfe their beards, and halfe their garments off,
In spight of Israel, and his daughters sonnes, 170
Ye fight the holy battels of Iehoua,
King Dauids God, and ours and Iacobs God
That guides your weapons to their conquering strokes,
Orders your footsteps, and directs your thoughts
To stratagems that harbor victorie:
He casts his sacred eiesight from on high,
And sees your foes run seeking for their deaths,
Laughing their labours and their hopes to scorne,
While twixt your bodies, and their blunted swords,
He puts on armor of his honors prooffe, 180
And makes their weapons wound the fencelesse winds.

Abif. Before this citie Rabath we will lie,
And shoot forth shafts as thicke and dangerous
As was the haile that Moises mixt with fire,
And threw with furie round about the fields
Deuouring Pharoes friends, and Egypts fruits.

Vrias. First mighty captaines, Ioab and Abifay,
Let vs assault and scale this kingly Tower,
Where all their conduits and their fountaines are,
Then we may easily take the citie too. 190

Ioab. Well hath Vrias counfeld our attempts,
And as he spake vs, so assault the Tower,
Let Hanon now the king of Ammons sonne,
Repulse our conquering passage if he dare.

Hanon with King Machaas and others, vpon the wals.

Hanon. What would the shepheards dogs of Israel
Snatch from the mighty issue of King Ammon,
The valiant Amonites, and haughty Syrians?

Tis

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Tis not your late successefull victories,
Can make vs yeeld, or quail our courages,
But if ye dare assay to scale this Tower,
Our angrie swords shall smite ye to the ground,
And venge our losses on your hatefull liues. 200

Ioab. Hanon, thy father Nahas gaue releefe
To holy Dauid in his haplesse exile,
Liued his fixed date, and died in peace:
But thou in steed of reaping his reward,
Hast trod it vnder foot, and scornd our King,
Therefore thy daies shall end with violence,
And to our swords thy vitall blood shall cleaue. 210

Mach. Hence thou that bearest poor Israels shepherds hook,
The proud lieutenant of that base borne King,
And kep within the compasse of his fold,
For if ye seeke to feed on Ammons fruits,
And stray into the Syrians fruitfull Medes,
The mastiues of our land, shall werry ye,
And pull the weefels from your greedy throtes.

Abis. Who can indure these Pagans blasphemies,

Vrias. My foule repines at this disparagement.

Ioab. Assault ye valiant men of Dauids host,
And beat these railing dastards from their dores. 220

Assault, and they win the Tower, and Ioab speakes aboue.

Thus haue we won the Tower, which we will keepe,
Maugre the sonnes of Ammon, and of Syria.

Enter Cufay beneath.

Cuf. Where is lord Ioab leader of the host?

Ioab. Here is lord Ioab, leader of the host.

Cufay come vp, for we haue won the hold. *He comes.*

Cufay. In happie hower then is Cufay come.

Ioab. What news then brings lord Cufay from the king. 230

Cufay. His maiestie commands thee out of hand
To send him home Vrias from the wars,
For matter of some seruice he should doe,

Vrias,

Dauid and Bersahe.

Vrias, Tis for no choler hath surpris'd the King,
(I hope lord Cufay) gainst his seruants truth.

Cufay. No rather to prefer *Vrias* truth.

Ioab. Here take him with thee then, and goe in peace,
And tell my lord the King that I haue fought
Against the citie Rabath with successe,
And skaled where the royall pallace is, 240
The conduit heads and all their sweetest springs,
Then let him come in person to these wals,
With all the souldiers he can bring besides,
And take the city as his owne exploit,
Least I surprife it, and the people giue
The glory of the conquest to my name.

Cuf. We will Lord *Ioab*, and great *Ifraels* God
Blesse in thy hands the battels of our King.

Ioab. Earewell *Vrias*, hast away the King.

Vrias. As sure as *Ioab* breaths a victor here, 250
Vrias will hast him, and his owne returne. *Exeunt*.

Abisa. Let vs descend, and ope the pallace gate,
Taking our souldiors in to keepe the hold.

Ioab. Let vs *Abisay*, and ye sonnes of *Iuda*,
Be valiant, and mainteine your victory. *Exeunt*.

Ammon, *Ionadab*, *Iethray*, and *Ammons* page.

Sc. iii

Ionad. What meanes my lord, the Kings beloued son,
That weares vpon his right triumphant arme,
The power of *Israel* for a royall fauor,
That holds vpon the Tables of his hands, 260
Banquets of honor, and all thoughts content
To suffer pale and grisely abstinence
To sit and feed vpon his fainting cheekes,
And sucke away the bloud that cheeres his lookes.

Ammo. Ah *Ionadab* it is my sisters lookes,
On whose sweet beutie I bestow my bloud,
That makes me looke so amorously leane,
Her beautie hauing seafd vpon my heart,

So

David and Bersabe.

So merrily consecrate to her content,
Sets now such guard about his vitall blood, 270
And viewes the passage with such piercing eyes,
That none can scape to cheare my pining cheekes,
But all is thought too little for her loue.

Iona. Then from her heart thy lookes shall be releued,
And thou shalt ioy her as thy foule desires.

Ammon. How can it be my sweet friend Ionadab,
Since Thamar is a virgine and my sifter?

Iona. Thus it shall be, lie downe vpon thy bed,
Faining thee feuer sicke, and ill at ease,
And when the king shall come to visit thee, 280
Desire thy sifter Thamar may be sent
To dresse some deinties for thy maladie:
Then when thou hast her solely with thy selfe,
Enforce some fauour to thy manly loue:
See where she comes, intreat her in with thee.

Enter Thamar.

Thamar. What aileth Ammon with such sickly lookes,
To daunt the fauour of his louely face?

Am. Sweet Thamar sick, & with some wholesome cates
Drest with the cunning of thy daintie hands. 290

Tham. That hath the King commanded at my hands
Then come and rest thee, while I make thee readie
Some dainties, easfull to thy crased foule.

Am. I goe sweet sifter, eased with thy sight.

Exeunt. Restet Ionadab.

Ion. Why should a Prince, whose power may command,
Obey the rebell passions of his loue,
When they contend but gainst his conscience,
And may be governd or supprest by will.
Now Ammon lose those louing knot s of blood, 300
That foke the courage from thy kingly heart,
And giue it passage to thy withered cheekes:
Now Thamar ripened are the holy fruits

Dauid and Bethsabe.

That grew on plants of thy virginie,
And rotten is thy name in Ifrael,
Poore Thamar, little did thy louely hands
Foretell an action of fuch violence,
As to contend with Ammons lufly armes,
Sinnewd with vigor of his kindleffe loue,
Faيرة Thamar now difhonour hunts thy foot, 310
And followes thee through euery couert shade,
Discouering thy fhame and nakedneffe
Euen from the valeyes of Iehofophat,
Vp to the loftie mounts of Libanon,
Where Cædars ftird with anger of the winds,
Sounding in ftormes the tale of thy difgrace,
Tremble with furie, and with murmure fhake
Eearth with their feet, and with their heads the heauens,
Beating the clouds into their fwifteft racke,
To beare this wonder round about the world. *Exit.* 320

Ammon thrusting out Thamar.

Sc. iv

Am. Hence from my bed, whose fight offends my foule
As doth the parbreake of disgorged beares.

Thama. Vnkind, vnprincely, and vnmanly Ammon,
To force, and then refufe thy fifters loue:
Adding vnto the fright of thy offence,
The banefull torment of my publisht fhame,
O doe not this difhonor to thy loue,
Nor clog thy foule with fuch increafing finne,
This fecond euill far exceeds the firft. 330

Am. Iethray come thrust this woman from my fight,
And bolt the dore vpon hir if ſhe ſtriue.

Iethray. Go madame goe, away, you muſt be gone,
My lord hath done with you, I pray depart. *He ſhuts her out.*

Tham. Whether alaffe, ah whether ſhall I flie
With folded armes, and all amaſed foule,
Caſt as was Eua from that glorious foile
(Where al delights fat bating wingd with thoughts,

Ready

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Ready to nestle in her naked breasts)
To bare and barraine vales with floods made wast, 340
To desart woods, and hils with lightening scorcht,
With death, with shame, with hell, with horroure fit,
There will I wander from my fathers face,
There Absolon, my brother Absolon,
Sweet Absolon shall heare his sifter mourne,
There will I liue with my windie sighs,
Night Rauens and Owles to rend my bloudie fide,
Which with a rustie weapon I will wound,
And makee them passage to my panting heart:
Why talkst thou wretch, and leaust the deed vndone. 350

Enter Absolon.

Rend haire and garments as thy heart is rent,
With inward furie of a thousand greefes,
And scatter them by these vnhalloved dores,
To figure Ammons resting crueltie,
And Tragicke spoile of Thamars chastitie.
Abf. What causeth Thamar to exclaime so much?
Tham. The cause that Thamar shameth to disclose.
Abfa. Say, I thy brother will reuenge that cause.
Tham. Ammon our fathers son hath forced me, 360
And thrusts me from him as the scorne of Israel.
Abf. Hath Ammon forced thee? by Dauids hand,
And by the couenant God hath made with him,
Ammon shall beare his violence to hell,
Traitor to Heauen, traitor to Dauids throne,
Traitor to Absolon and Israel.
This fact hath Iacobs ruler seene from heauen,
And through a cloud of smoake, and tower of fire
(As he rides vaunting him vpon the greenes)
Shall teare his chariot wheelles with violent winds, 370
And throw his body in the bloody sea,
At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt,
And his faire spouse, with bright and fierie wings

David and Bersabe.

Sit euer burning on his hatefull bones,
My selfe as swift as thunder, or his spouse,
Will hunt occasion with a secret hate,
To worke false Ammon an vngracious end:
Goe in my sister, rest thee in my house,
And God in time shall take this shame from thee.

Tham. Nor God nor Time will doe that good for me.

380

Exit Tham. restat Absolon.

Enter David with his traine.

David. My Absolon, what makst thou here alone,
And beares such discontentment in thy browes?

Abs. Great cause hath Absolon to be displeas'd,
And in his heart to shrowd the wounds of wrath.

David. Gainst whom should Absolon be thus displeas'd?

Abs. Gainst wicked Ammon thy vngracious sonne,
My brother and faire Thamars by the King,
My stepbrother, by mother, and by kind,
He hath dishonoured Davids holinesse,
And fixt a blot of lightnesse on his throne,
Forcing my sister Thamar when he faind
A sickenesse, sprung from root of heinous lust.

390

David. Hath Ammon brought this euill on my house,
And suffered sinne to smite his fathers bones,
Smite David deadlier then the voice of heauen,
And let hates fire be kindled in thy heart,
Frame in the arches of thy angrie browes,
Making thy forehead like a comet shine,
To force false Ammon tremble at thy lookes,
Sin with his feuenfold crowne and purple robe,
Begins his triumphs in my guiltie throne,
There sits he watching with his hundred eyes,
Our idle minuts, and our wanton thoughts,
And with his baits made of our fraile desires,
Giues vs the hooke that hailes our soules to hell:
But with the spirit of my kingdomes God,

400

Ile

Dauid and Berſabe.

Ile thruſt the flattering Tyran from his throne,
And ſcourage his bondſlaues from my hallowed court 410
With rods of yron, and thornes of ſharpened ſteele :
Then Abſolon reuenge not thou this fin,
Leaue it to me, and I will chaſten him.

Abſ. I am content, then graunt my lord the king
Himſelfe with all his other lords would come
Vp to my ſheepe feaſt on the plaine of Hazor.

Da. Nay my faire ſonne, my ſelfe with all my lords
Will bring thee too much charge, yet ſome ſhall goe.

Abſ. But let my lord the king himſelfe take paines, 420
The time of yeare is pleaſant for your grace,
And gladſome Summer in her ſhadie robes,
Crowned with Roſes and with planted flowers,
With all her nimphs ſhall enterteine my lord,
That from the thicket of my verdant groues,
Will ſprinckle hony dewes about his breaſt,
And caſt ſweet balme vpon his kingly head,
Then grant thy ſeruants boone, and goe my lord.

Da. Let it content my ſweet ſonne Abſolon,
That I may ſtay and take my other lords.

Abſ. But ſhall thy beſt beloued Ammon goe? 430

Da. What needeth it that Ammon goe with thee.

Abſ. Yet doe thy ſonne and ſeruant ſo much grace.

Da. Ammon ſhall goe, and all my other lords,
Becaufe I will giue grace to Abſolon.

Enter Cuſay, and Vrias, with others.

Cuſay. Pleaſeth my lord the king, his ſeruant Ioab
Hath ſent Vrias from the Syrian wars.

Da. Welcome Vrias from the Syrian wars,
Welcome to Dauid as his deereſt lord.

Vrias. Thankes be to Iſraels God, and Dauids grace, 440
Vrias finds ſuch greeting with the king.

Da. No other greeting ſhall Vrias find,
As long as Dauids ſwaies the elected ſeat,

C iij

And

David and Bethsabe.

And consecrated throne of Israel.
Tell me Vrias of my seruant Ioab,
Fights he with truth the battels of our God,
And for the honor of the Lords annointed?

Vrias. Thy seruant Ioab fights the chosen wars
With truth, with honour, and with high succeſſe,
And gainſt the wicked King of Ammons ſonnes, 450
Hath by the finger of our ſouereines God,
Beſieg'd the citie Rabath, and atchieu'd
The court of waters, where the conduits run,
And all the Ammonites delightſome ſprings:
Therefore he wiſheth Dauids mightineſſe
Should number out the hoſt of Iſrael,
And come in perſon to the citie Rabath,
That ſo her conqueſt may be made the kings,
And Ioab fight as his inferior.

David. This hath not God, and Ioabs prowefſe done, 460
Without Vrias valours, I am ſure,
Who ſince his true conuerſion from a Hethite,
To an adopted ſonne of Iſrael,
Hath fought like one whoſe armes were liſt by heauen,
And whoſe bright ſword was edgd with Iſraels wrath:
Goe therefore home Vrias, take thy reſt,
Viſit thy wife and houſhold with the ioies
A victor and a fauorite of the Kings
Should exerciſe with honor after armes.

Vrias. Thy ſeruants bones are yet not halfe ſo cras'de, 470
Nor conſtitute on ſuch a ſickly mould,
That for ſo little ſeruice he ſhould faint,
And ſeeke (as cowards) refuge of his home:
Nor are his thoughts ſo ſenſually ſtir'd,
To ſtay the armes with which the lord would ſmite
And fill their circle with his conquered foes,
For wanton boſome of a flattering wife.

Da. Vrias hath a beauteous ſober wife,
Yet yong, and framd of tempting fleſh and bloud,

Then

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Then when the King hath summond thee from armes, 480
If thou vnkindly shouldst refraine her bed,
Sinne might be laid vpon Vrias soule,
If Bethsabe by frailtie hurt her fame:
Then goe Vrias, folace in her loue,
Whom God hath knit to thee, tremble to lose.

Vrias. The King is much too tender of my ease,
The arke, and Israell, and Iuda dwell
In pallaces, and rich pauillions,
But Ioab and his brother in the fields, 490
Suffering the wrath of Winter and the Sun:
And shall Vrias (of more shame then they)
Banquet and loiter, in the worke of heauen?
As sure as thy soule doth liue my lord,
Mine eares shall neuer leane to such delight,
When holy labour cals me forth to fight.

Dauid. Then be it with Vrias manly heart,
As best his fame may shine in Israell.

Vrias. Thus shall Vrias heart be best content,
Till thou dismisse me backe to Ioabs bands,
This ground before the king my masters dores, *He lies downe.* 500
Shall be my couch, and this vnwearied arme,
The proper pillow of a fouldiours head,
For neuer will I lodge within my house,
Till Ioab triumph in my secret vowes.

Dauid. Then fetch some flagons of our purest Wine,
That we may welcome home our hardie friend,
With full caroufes to his fortunes past,
And to the honours of his future armes,
Then will I fend him backe to Rabath siege,
And follow with the strength of Israell. 510

Enter one with the flagons of Wine.

Arife Vrias, come and pledge the King. *He riseth.*

Vrias. If Dauid thinke me worthy such a grace,

David and Berſabe.

I will be bold, and pledge my lord the king.

Dau. Abſolon and Cuſay both ſhall drinke
To good Vrias, and his happineſſe.

Abſ. We will my lord to pleaſe Vrias ſoule.

Dau. I will begin Vrias to thy ſelfe,
And all the treaſure of the Ammonites,
Which here I promiſe to impart to thee,
And bind that promiſe with a full carous.

520

Vrias. What ſeemeth pleaſant in my ſouereines eyes,
That ſhall Vrias doe till he be dead

Dau. Fill him the cup, follow ye lords that loue
Your ſouereines health, and doe as he hath done.

Abſ. Ill may he thriue or liue in Iſrael,
That loues not David, or denies his charge. (uing friend.

Vrias, Here is to Abiſais health, lord Iobabs brother, & thy lo-

Vrias. I pledge lord Abſolon and Abiſais health. *Hedrinkes.*

Cuſ. Here now Vrias, to the health of Iobab,
And to the pleaſant iourny we ſhall haue,
When we returne to mightie Rabath ſiege.

530

Vrias. Cuſay I pledge thee all, with all my heart,
Giue me ſome drinke ye ſeruants of the king,
Giue me my drinke. *He drinkes.*

Da. Well done my good Vrias, drinke thy fill,
That in thy fulneſſe David may reioice.

Vrias. I will my lord.

Abſ. Now lord Vrias, one carouſe to me.

Vrias. No fir, Ile drinke to the King,
Your father is a better man then you.

540

Dau. Doe ſo Vrias, I will pledge thee ſtraight.

Vrias. I will indeed my lord and ſouereine,
I once in my daies be ſo bold.

David. Fill him his glaſſe.

Vrias. Fill me my glaſſe. *He giues him the glaſſe.*

Dau. Quickly I ſay. *Vrias.* Quickly I ſay.

Vrias. Here my lord, by your fauour now I drinke to you.

Dau. I pledge thee good Vrias preſently. *He drinkes.*

Abſ.

David and Bersabe.

Abf. Here then Vrias, once againe for me, 550
And to the health of Dauids children.

Vrias. Dauids children?

Abf. I Dauids children, wilt thou pledge me man?

Vrias. Pledge me man.

Abf. Pledge me I say, or else thou louest vs not.

Vrias. What doe you talke, doe you talke?

Ile no more, Ile lie downe here.

David. Rather Vrias goe thou home and sleepe.

Vrias. O ho fir, would you make me break my sentence.

He lies downe. 560

Home fir, no indeed fir? Ile sleepe vpon mine arme,
Like a fouldiour, sleepe like a man as long as I liue in Israel.

David. If nought will serue to saue his wiues renowne,
Ile send him with a letter vnto Ioab
To put him in the forefront of the wars,
That so my purposes may take effect.

Helpe him in firs. *Exit David and Absolon.*

Cusay. Come rise Vrias, get thee in and sleepe.

Vrias. I will not goe home fir, thats flat.

Cusay. Then come and rest thee vpon Dauids bed. 570

Vrias. On afore my lords, on afore. *Exeunt.*

Chorus.

Chor. I

O prowd reuolt of a presumptious man,
Laying his bridle in the necke of sin,
Ready to beare him past his graue to hell,
Like as the fatall Rauens, that in his voice
Carries the dreadfull fummons of our deaths,
Flies by the faire Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens, and delightfome parkes,
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclaimes, 580
And yet doth stoope with hungrie violence
Vpon a peece of hatefull carrion:
So wretched man, displeas'd with those delights,
Would yeeld a quickning fauor to his Soule,

D

Pursues

David and Bet hſabe.

Purfues with eagre and vnſtanch'd thirſt,
The greedie longings of his lothſome fleſh,
If holy Dauid ſo ſhoke hands with finne,
What ſhall our baſer ſpirits glorie in.
This kingly giuing luſt her raigne,
Purfues the ſequell with a greater ill. 590
Vrias in the forefront of the wars,
Is murdered by the hateful Heathens ſword,
And Dauid ioies his too deere Bethſabe,
Suppoſe this paſt, and that the child is borne,
Whoſe death the Prophet ſolemnly doth mourne.

Enter Bethſabe with her handmaid.

Sc. v

Beth. Mourne Bethſabe, bewaile thy fooliſhneſſe,
Thy finne, thy ſhame, the ſorrow of thy ſoule,
Sinne, ſhame, and ſorrow ſwarme about thy ſoule,
And in the gates and entrance of my heart, 600
Sadneſſe with wreathed armes hangs her complaint.
No comfort from the ten ſtring'd inſtrument,
The twinckling Cymball, or the Yuorie Lute,
Nor doth the ſound of Dauids kingly Harpe,
Make glad the broken heart of Berſabe.
Ieruſalem is fill'd with thy complaint,
And in the ſtreets of Syon ſits thy greefe.
The babe is ficke, ficke to the death I feare,
The fruit that ſprung from thee to Dauids houſe,
Nor may the pot of Honny and of Oyle, 610
Glad Dauid or his handmaids countenance.
Vrias, woe is me to thinke hereon,
For who is it among the ſonnes of men,
That ſayth not to my ſoule, the King hath find,
Dauid hath done amiſſe, and Berſabe
Laid ſnares of death vnto Vrias life.
My ſweet Vrias, falne into the pit
Art thou, and gone euen to the gates of hell,

For

David and Bethsabe.

For Bersabe, that wouldst not throwd her shame.
O what is it to serue the lust of Kings, 620
How Lyonlike thy rage when we resist,
But Bersabe in humblenessse attend,
The grace that God will to his handmaid fend. *Exit Beth.*

David in his gowne walking sadly. To him Nathan. Sc. vi
The babe is sicke, and sad is Dauids heart,
To see the guiltlesse beare the guilties paine.
David hang vp thy Harpe, hang downe thy head,
And dash thy yuorie Lute against the stones.
The dew that on the hill of Hermon fals,
Raines not on Syons tops, and loftie towers, 630
And Dauids thoughts are spent in pensiuenessse,
The plaines of Gath and Askaron reioice.
The babe is sicke, sweet babe, that Bersabe
With womans paine brought forth to Israel. *Enter Nathan.*
But what faith Nathan to his lord the king?

Nathan to David.

Nathan. Thus Nathan faith vnto his Lord the King:
There were two men both dwellers in one towne,
The one was mighty and exceeding rich
In Oxen, sheepe and cattell of the field, 640
The other poore hauing nor Oxe, nor Calfe,
Nor other cattell, saue one little Lambe,
Which he had bought and nourisht by the hand,
And it grew vp, and fed with him and his,
And eat and dranke as he and his were wont,
And in his bosome slept, and was to liue
As was his daughter or his dearest child.
There came a stranger to this wealthy man,
And he refus'd and spar'd to take his owne,
Or of his store to dresse or make him meat, 650
But tooke the poore mans sheepe, partly poore mans store,
And drest it for this stranger in his house:
What (tell me) shall be done to him for this?

D ij

Da.

Dauid and Bersabe.

Dau. Now as the lord doth liue, this wicked man
Is iudgd, and shall become the child of death,
Foure fold to the poore man shall he restore,
That without mercy tooke his lambe away.

Nath. Thou art the man, and thou hast iudgd thy selfe,
Dauid, thus sayth the Lord thy God by me:
I thee annointed King in Ifrael,

660

And sau'd thee from the tyranny of Saul,
Thy maisters house I gaue thee to possesse,
His Wiues into thy bosome did I giue,
And Iuda and Ierusalem withall,
And might (thou knowest) if this had ben too small,
Haue giuen thee more.

Wherefore then hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done euill, and finned in my sight?
Vrias thou hast killed with the sword,
Yea with the sword of the vncircumcised
Thou hast him slaine, wherefore from this day forth,
The sword shall neuer goe from thee and thine:
For thou hast tane this Hethites wife to thee,
Wherefore behold, I wil (saith Iacobs God)
In thine owne house stir euill vp to thee,
Yea I before thy face will take thy Wiues,
And giue them to thy neighbour to possesse:
This shall be done to Dauid in the day,
That Ifrael openly may see thy shame.

670

Dauid. Nathan, I haue against the Lord, I haue
Sinned, O finned greuously, and loe
From heauens throne doth Dauid throw himselfe,
And grone and grouell to the gates of hell. *He fals downe.*

680

Nath. Dauid stand vp, Thus saith the Lord by me,
Dauid the King shall liue, for he hath seene
The true repentant sorrow of thy heart,
But for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
Stird vp the enemies of Ifrael
To triumph and blaspheme the God of hosts,

And

David and Bersabe.

And say, He fet a wicked man to reigne,
Ouer his loued people and his Tribes:
The child shall surely die, that erst was borne,
His mothers sin, his kingly fathers scorne.

690

Exit Nathan.

Da. How iust is Jacobs God in all his workes!
But must it die that David loueth so?
O that the mighty one of Israel
Nill change his dome, and sayes the babe must die,
Mourne Israel and weepe in Syon gates,
Wither ye Cedar trees of Libanon,
Ye sprouting Almons with your flowring tops,
Droope, drowne, and drench in Hebrons fearefull streames,
The babe must die that was to David borne,
His mothers sin his kingly fathers scorne.

700

David sits sadly.

Enter Cusay to David and his traine.

Seruus. What tidings bringeth Cusay to the King?

Cusay. To thee the seruant of King Dauids court,
This bringeth Cusay, as the Prophet spake,
The Lord hath surely stricken to the death,
The child new borne by that Vrias wife,
That by the sonnes of Ammon erst was slaine.

710

Seruus. Cusay be still, the King is vexed fore,
How shal he speed that brings this tidings first,
When while the child was yet aliue, we spake,
And Dauids heart would not be comforted?

Da. Yea Dauids heart will not be comforted,
What murmure ye the seruants of the King,
What tidings telleth Cusay to the King?
Say Cusay, liues the child, or is he dead?

720

Cusay. The child is dead, that of Vrias wife, David begat.

Da. Vrias wife saiest thou?
The child is dead, then ceaseth Dauids shame,
Fetch me to eat, and giue me Wine to drinke,

D iij

Water

Dauid and Bethſabe.

Water to waſh, and Oyle to cleere my lookes,
Bring downe your Shalmes, your Cymbals, and your Pipes,
Let Dauids Harpe and Lute, his hand and voice,
Giue laud to him that loueth Iſrael,
And ſing his praife, that ſheweth Dauids fame,
That put away his finne from out his fight, 730
And ſent his ſhame into the ſtreets of Gath,
Bring ye to me the mother of the babe,
That I may wipe the teares from off her face,
And giue her comfort with this hand of mine,
And decke faire Berſabe with ornaments,
That ſhe may beare to me another ſonne,
That may be loued of the Lord of hoſts:
For where he is, of force muſt Dauid goe,
But neuer may he come where Dauid is.

They bring in water, wine, and oyle, Muſike, and a banquet. 740

Faire Berſabe, ſit thou, and ſigh no more,
And ſing and play you ſeruants of the King,
Now ſleepeth Dauids forrow with the dead,
And Berſabe liueth to Iſrael.

They uſe all ſolemnities together, and ſing, &c.

Dauid. Now armes, and warlike engins for aſſault,
Prepare at once ye men of Iſrael,
Ye men of Iuda and Ieruſalem,
That Rabba may be taken by the King,
Leaſt it be called after Ioabs name, 750
Nor Dauids glory ſhine in Syon ſtreets,
To Rabba marcheth Dauid with his men
To chaſtiſe Ammon and the wicked ones. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Abſolon with two or three.

Sc. vii

Abſ. Set vp your mules, and giue them well to eat,
And let vs meet our brothers at the feaſt,
Accurſed is the maiſter of this feaſt,

Difhonour

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Dishonour of the house of Israel,
His sisters slander, and his mothers shame.
Shame be his share that could such ill contriue, 760
To rauish Thamar, and without a pause
To driue her shamefully from out his house,
But may his wickednesse find iust reward.
Therefore doth Absolon conspire with you,
That Ammon die what time he fits to eat,
For in the holy Temple haue I sworne
Wreake of his villany in Thamars rape.
And here he comes, bespeake him gently all,
Whose death is deeply graued in my heart.

*Enter Ammon with Adonia and Ionadab, to Absolon
and his companie.* 770

Am. Our shearers are not far from hence I wot,
And Ammon, to you all his brethren
Giue such welcome as our fathers erst
Were wonr in Iuda and Ierusalem,
But specially Lord Absolon to thee,
The honour of thy house and progenie.
Sit downe and dine with me King Dauids sonne,
Thou faire young man, whose haire shine in mine eye
Like golden wyers of Dauids yuorie Lute. 780

Abs. Ammon, where be thy shearers and thy men,
That we may powre in plenty of thy vines,
And eat thy goats milke, and reioice with thee.

Am. Here commeth Ammons shearers and his men,
Absolon sit and reioice with me.

*Here enter a company of sheepeheards, and
daunce and sing.*

Am. Drinke Absolon in praise of Israel,
Welcome to Ammons fields from Dauids court.

Abs. Die with thy draught perishe and die accurst, 790
Dishonour

Dauid and Bersabe.

Dishonour to the honour of vs all,
Die for the villany to Thamar done,
Vnworthy thou to be Kings Dauids sonne. *Exit Absa.*

Ionad. O what hath Abfolon for Thamar done,
Murthred his brother, great king Dauids sonne.

Adon. Run Ionadab away, and make it knowne,
What cruelty this Abfolon hath showne.

Ammon, thy brother Adonia shall

Bury thy body among the dead mens bones,

And we will make complaint to Ifrael

Of Ammons death, and pride of Abfolon. *Exeunt omnes.*

800

*Enter Dauid with Ioab, Abyssus, Cusay, with drum and
ensigne against Rabba.* *Sc. viii*

This is the towne of the vncircumcised,

The citie of the kingdome, this is it,

Rabba where wicked Hannon sitteth king:

Dispoile this King, this Hannon of his crowne,

Vnpeople Rabba, and the streets thereof,

For in their bloud and slaughter of the slaine,

Lyeth the honor of King Dauids line.

810

Ioab, Abyshai, and the rest of you,

Fight ye this day for great Ierusalem.

Ioab. And see where Hannon shoves him on the wals,

Why then do we forbear to giue assault,

That Ifrael may as it is promised,

Subdue the daughters of the Gentils Tribes,

All this must be performd by Dauids hand.

Da. Harke to me Hannon, and remember well,

As sure as he doth liue that kept my host,

What time our young men by the poole of Gibeon,

820

Went forth against the strength of Isboseth,

And twelue to twelue did with their weapons play,

So sure art thou, and thy men of war

To feele the sword of Ifrael this day,

Because

David and Bersabe.

Because thou hast defied Iacobs God,
And suffered Rabba with the Philistime
To raile vpon the tribe of Beniamin.

Hannon. Harke man, as sure as Saul thy maister fell,
And gor'd his sides vpon the mountaine tops
And Ionathan, Abinadab, and Melchifua 830
Watred the dales and deepes of Askaron
With bloody streames that from Gilboa ran
In channels through the wildernesse of Ziph,
What time the sword of the vncircumsed
Was drunken with the blood of Ifrael:
So sure shall David perish with his men,
Vnder the wals of Rabba, Hannons towne.

Ioab. Hannon, the God of Ifrael hath said,
David the King shall weare that crowne of thine,
That weighs a Talent of the finest gold, 840
And triumph in the spoile of Hannons towne,
When Ifrael shall hale thy people hence,
And turne them to the tile-kill, man and child,
And put them vnder harrowes made of yron,
And hew their bones with axes, and their lims
With yron swords deuide and teare in twaine.
Hannon, this shall be done to thee and thine,
Because thou hast defied Ifrael.
To armes, to armes, that Rabba feele reuenge,
And Hannons towne become king Davids spoile. 850

Alarum, excursions, assault, Exeunt omnes. Then the trumpets, and Sc. ix
David with Hannons crowne.

Dau. Now clattering armes, and wrathfull fforms of war,
Haue thundred ouer Rabbaes raced towers,
The wreakefull ire of great Iehouaes arme,
That for his people made the gates to rend,
And clothed the Cherubins in fierie coats,
To fight against the wicked Hannons towne,

E

Pay

David and Bethsabe.

Pay thanks ye men of Iuda to the King,
The God of Syon and Ierusalem, 860
That hath exalted Ifrael to this,
And crowned Dauid with this diademe.

Toab. Beauteous and bright is he among the Tribes,
As when the funne attir'd in glift'ring robe,
Comes dauncing from his orientall gate,
And bridegroome-like hurles through the gloomy aire
His radiant beames, such doth King Dauid shew,
Crownd with the honour of his enemies towne,
Shining in riches like the firmament, 870
The starrie vault that ouerhangs the earth,
So looketh Dauid King of Ifrael.

Abyshai. Ioab, why doth not Dauid mount his throne,
Whom heauen hath beautified with Hannons crowne,
Sound Trumpets, Shalmes, and Instruments of praise
To Iacobs God for Dauids victory.

Enter Ionadab.

Ionadab. Why doth the King of Ifrael reioice,
Why fitteth Dauid crownd with Rabbaes rule,
Behold there hath great heauineffe befallne 880
In Ammons fields by Abfolons misdeed,
And Ammons shearers, and their feast of mirth
Abfalon hath ouerturned with his sword,
Nor liueth any of King Dauids sonnes,
To bring this bitter tidings to the King.

Dauid. Ay me, how soone are Dauids triumphs dastht,
How suddenly declineth Dauids pride,
As doth the daylight fettle in the west,
So dim is Dauids glory, and his gite,
Die Dauid, for to thee is left no feed, 890
That may reuiue thy name in Ifrael.

Iona. In Ifrael is left of Dauids feed.

Enter Adonia with other sonnes.

Comfort your lord, you seruants of the King,

Behold

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Behold thy fonnes returne in mourning weeds,
And only Ammon, Abfalon hath flaine.

Da. Welcome my fonnes, deeret to me you are
Then is this golden crowne, or Hannons fpoile.
O tell me then, tell me my fonnes I fay,
How commeth it to paffe, that Abfalon
Hath flaine his brother Ammon with the fword? 900

Ado. Thy fonnes O King went vp to Ammons fields
To feaft with him, and eat his bread and oyle,
And Abfalon vpon his mule doth come,
And to his men he fayth, When Ammons heart
Is merry and fecure, then ftrike him dead,
Because he forced Thamar fhamefully,
And hated her, and threw her forth his dores:
And this did he, and they with him confpire,
And kill thy fonne in wreake of Thamars wrong.

Dauid. How long fhall Iuda and Ierufalem 910
Complaine and water Syon with their teares?
How long fhall Ifrael lament in vaine,
And not a man among the mighty ones
Will heare the forrowes of King Dauids heart?
Ammon thy life was pleafing to thy Lord,
As to mine eares the Mufike of my Lute,
Or fongs that Dauid tuneth to his Harpe,
And Abfalon hath tane from me away
The gladneffe of my fad diftreffed foule. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet Dauid, Enter widdow of Thecoa. 920

Widdow. God faue King Dauid, King of Ifrael,
And bleffe the gates of Syon for his fake.

Dau. Woman, why mourneft thou, rife from the earth,
Tell me what forrow hath befallne thy foule.

Widdow. Thy feruants foule O King is troubled fore,
And greenous is the anguifh of her heart,
And from Thecoa doth thy handmaid come.

Dauid. Tell me, and fay, thou woman of Thecoa,

David and Bersabe.

What aileth thee, or what is come to passe.

Widdow. Thy seruant is a widdow in Thecoa,
Two sonnes thy handmaid had, and they (my lord)
Fought in the field, where no man went betwixt,
And so the one did smite and slay the other.
And loe behold the kindred doth arise,
And crie on him that smote his brother,
That he therefore may be the child of death,
For we will follow and destroy the heire.
So will they quench that sparkle that is left,
And leaue nor name, nor issue on the earth,
To me, or to thy handmaids husband dead.

930

940

Dauid. Woman returne, goe home vnto thy house,
I will take order that thy sonne be safe,
If any man say otherwise then well,
Bring him to me, and I shall chastise him:
For as the Lord doth liue, shall not a haire
Shed from thy sonne, or fall vpon the earth.
Woman to God alone belongs reuenge,
Shall then the kindred slay him for his sinne?

Widdow. Well hath King David to his handmaid spoke,
But wherefore then hast thou determined
So hard a part against the righteous Tribes
To follow and pursue the banished,
When as to God alone, belongs reuenge.
Assuredly thou saist against thy selfe,
Therefore call home againe the banished,
Call home the banished, that he may liue,
And raise to thee some fruit in Israel.

950

Da. Thou woman of Thecoa answere me,
Answere me one thing I shall aske of thee,
Is not the hand of Ioab in this worke?
Tell me is not his finger in this fact?

960

Wid. It is my lord, his hand is in this worke,
Assure thee, Ioab captaine of thy host,
Hath put these words into thy handmaids mouth,

And

Dauid and Bersabe.

And thou art as an angel from on high,
To vnderstand the meaning of my heart,
Lo where he commeth to his lord the King.

Enter Ioab.

Dauid. Say Ioab, didst thou fend this woman in
To put this parable for Absalon.

970

Ioab. Ioab my lord did bid this woman speake,
And she hath said, and thou hast vnderstood.

Dauid. I haue and am content to do the thing,
Goe fetch my sonne, that he may liue with me.

Ioab kneeles.

Ioab. Now God be blessed for King Dauids life,
Thy seruant Ioab hath found grace with thee,
In that thou sparest Absolon thy child,
A beautifull and faire young man is he,
In all his bodie is no blemish seene,
His haire is like the wyer of Dauids Harpe,
That twines about his bright and yuorie necke :
In Israell is not such a goodly man,
And here I bring him to entreat for grace.

980

Enter Absolon with Ioab.

Dauid. Haft thou slaine in the fields of Hazor
Ah Absalon my sonne, ah my sonne Absolon,
But wherefore doe I vexe thy spirit so,
Liue and returne from Gefur to thy house,
Returne from Gefur to Ierusalem,
What boots it to be bitter to thy foule,
Ammon is dead, and Absolon furuiues.

990

Abs. Father I haue offended Israell,
I haue offended Dauid and his house,
For Thamars wrong hath Absolon misdona,
But Dauids heart is free from sharpe reuenge,
And Ioab hath got grace for Absalon.

E iij

Dauid.

David and Bethsabe.

David. Depart with me you men of Israel,
You that haue followed Rabba with the sword,
And ranfacke Ammons richeft treafuries,
Liue Abfalon my fonne, liue once in peace,
Peace with thee, and with Ierufalem.

1000

Exeunt omnes.

Manet Abfolon.

Abf. David is gone, and Abfolon remaines,
Flowring in pleafant fpring time of his youth,
Why liueth Abfalon, and is not honoured
Of Tribes and Elders, and the mightieft ones,
That round about his Temples he may weare
Garlands and wreaths fet on with reuerence,
That euery one that hath a caufe to plead,
Might come to Abfolon, and call for right?
Then in the gates of Syon would I fit,
And publifh lawes in great Ierufalem,
And not a man fhould liue in all the land,
But Abfolon would doe him reafons due,
Therefore I fhall addrefle me as I may,
To loue the men and Tribes of Ifrael.

1010

Exit.

Enter David, Ithay, Sadoc, Abimaas, Jonathan, with others, Sc. x
David barefoot, with fome lofe couering ouer his
head, and all mourning.

1022

Dau. Proud luft the bloudieft traitor to our foules,
Whofe greedie throte, nor earth, aire, fea, or heauen,
Can glut or fatisfie with any ftore,
Thou art the caufe thefe torments fucke my bloud,
Piercing with venome of thy poyfoned eies,
The ftrength and marrow of my tainted bones:
To punifh Pharoh, and his curfed hoft,
The waters fhinke at great Adonaies voice,

1030

And

David and Bethsabe.

And fandie bottome of the sea appeard,
Offering his seruice at his seruants feet,
And to inflict a plague on Dauids finne,
He makes his bowels traitors to his breast,
Winding about his heart with mortall gripes.
Ah Abfalon the wrath of heauen inflames
Thy scorched bosome with ambitious heat,
And Sathan sets thee on a lustie tower,
Shewing thy thoughts the pride of Israel
Of choice to cast thee on her ruthlesse stones,
Weepe with me then ye sonnes of Israel.

1040

He lies downe, and all the rest after him.

Lie downe with Dauid, and with Dauid mourne,
Before the holy one that sees our hearts,
Season this heauie soile with showers of teares,
And fill the face of euery flower with dew,
Weepe Israel, for Dauids soule dissolues,
Lading the fountaines of his drowned eyes,
And powres her substance on the fencelesse earth.

Sadoc. Weepe Israel, O weepe for Dauids soule,
Strewing the ground with haire and garments torne,
For tragicke witnesse of your heartie woes.

1050

Abimaas. O would our eyes were conduits to our hearts,
And that our hearts were seas of liquid bloud,
To powre in streames vpon this holy Mount,
For witnesse we would die for Dauids woes.

Iona. Then should this mount of Oliues seeme a plaine,
Drownd with a sea, that with our sighs should rore,
And in the murmure of his mounting waues,
Report our bleeding forrowes to the heauens,
For witnesse we would die for Dauids woes.

1060

Ith. Earth cannot weepe ynough for Dauids woes,
Then weepe you heauens, and all you clouds dissolue,
That pittious stars may see our miseries,
And drop their golden teares vpon the ground,
For witnesse how they weepe for Dauids woes.

Sadoc.

David and Bersabe.

Sadoc. Now let my soueraigne raise his prostrate bones,
And mourne not as a faithlesse man would doe,
But be assur'd, that Iacobs righteous God,
That promist neuer to forsake your throne,
Will still be iust and pure in his voves.

1070

Da. Sadoc high priest, preseruer of the arke,
Whose sacred vertue keeps the chosen crowne,
I know my God is spotlesse in his voves,
And that these hairens shall greet my graue in peace:
But that my sonne should wrong his tendred soule,
And fight against his fathers happinesse,
Turnes all my hopes into despaire of him,
And that despaire, feeds all my veines with greefe.

1080

Ithay. Thinke of it David, as a fatall plague,
Which greefe preserueth, but preuenteth not,
And turne thy drooping eyes vpon the troupes
That of affection to thy worthinesse,
Doe swarme about the person of the King,
Cherish their valours, and their zealous loues,
With pleasant lookes, and sweet encouragements.

Da. Me thinkes the voice of Ithay fills mine eares.

Ith. Let not the voice of Ithay loth thine eares,
Whose heart would baulme thy bosome with his teares.

Dauid. But wherefore goest thou to the wars with vs,
Thou art a stranger here in Israel,
And sonne to Achis mightie king of Gath,
Therefore returne, and with thy father stay,
Thou camst but yesterday, and should I now
Let thee partake these troubles here with vs?
Keepe both thy selfe, and all thy souldiors safe,
Let me abide the hazards of these armes,
And God requite the friendship thou hast shewd.

1090

Ith. As sure as Israels God giues Dauid life,
What place or perill shall containe the King,
The same will Ithay share in life and death.

1100

Da. Then gentle Ithay be thou still with vs,

Dauid and Bersabe.

A ioy to Dauid, and a grace to Ifrael.
Goe Sadoc now, and beare the arke of God
Into the great Ierufalem againe,
If I find fauour in his gracious eyes,
Then will he lay his hand vpon my heart
Yet once againe before I vifit death,
Giuing it ftrengh and vertue to mine eies,
To taft the comforts, and behold the forme 1110
Of his faire arke, and holy tabernacle,
But if he fay my wonted loue is worne,
And I haue no delight in Dauid now,
Here lie I armed with an humble heart,
T'imbrace the paines that anger fhall impofe,
And kiffe the fword my lord fhall kill me with,
Then Sadoc take Ahimaas thy fonne,
With Ionathan fonne to Abiathar,
And in thefe fields will I refofe my felfe,
Till they returne from you fome certaine newes. 1120

Sadoc. Thy feruants will with ioy obey the King,
And hope to cheere his heart with happy newes.

Exit Sadoc, Ahimaas, and Ionathan.

Ith. Now that it be no greefe vnto the King,
Let me for good enforme his maieftie,
That with vnkind and gracelefse Abfalon,
Achitophel your auncient counfellor,
Directs the ftate of this rebellion.

Dauid. Then doth it aime with danger at my crowne,
O thou that holdft his raging bloody bound, 1130
Within the circle of the filuer moone,
That girds earths center with his watric fcarfe,
Limit the counfell of Achitophel,
No bounds extending to my foules diftreffe,
But turne his wifdome into foolifhneffe.

Enter Cufay with his coat turnd, and head couered.

Cufay. Happineffe and honour to my lord the King.

F

Da.

David and Bethsabe.

David. What happineſſe or honor may betide
His ſtate that toiles in my extremities?

Cuſ. O let my gracious ſoueraigne ceaſe theſe greefes, 1140
Vnleſſe he wiſh his ſeruant Cuſayes death,
Whoſe life depends vpon my lords releefe,
Then let my preſence with my ſighs, perfume
The pleaſant cloſet of my ſoueraignes ſoule.

Da. No Cuſay no, thy preſence vnto me,
Will be a burthen ſince I tender thee,
And cannot breake thy ſighs for Dauids ſake:
But if thou turne to faire Ieruſalem,
And ſay to Abſalon, as thou haſt been 1150
A truſty friend vnto his fathers ſeat,
So thou wilt be to him, and call him King,
Achitophels counſell may be brought to naught.
Then hauing Sadoc and Abiathar,
All three may learne the ſecrets of my ſonne,
Sending the meſſage by Ahimaas,
And friendly Ionathan, who both are there,
Then riſe, referring the ſucceſſe to heauen.

Da. Cuſay I riſe, though with vnweldie bones,
I carrie armes againſt my Abſalon. *Exeunt.*

Abſalon, Amaſa, Achitophel, with the concubines of David, and Sc. xi
others in great ſtate, Abſalon crowned.

Abſ. Now you that were my fathers concubines, 1162
Liquor to his inchaſt and luſtfull fire,
Haue ſeene his honour ſhaken in his houſe,
Which I poſſeſſe in fight of all the world.
I bring ye forth for foiles to my renowe,
And to eclipse the glorie of your King,
Whoſe life is with his honour faſt incloſd
Within the entrails of a leatie cloud,
Whoſe diſſolution ſhall powre downe in ſhowers 1170
The ſubſtance of his life and ſwelling pride:

Then

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Then shall the stars light earth with rich aspects,
And heauen shall burne in loue with Abfalon,
Whose beautie will suffice to chaſt all miſts,
And cloth the ſuns ſpheare with a triple fire,
Sooner then his cleare eyes ſhould ſuffer ſtaine,
Or be offended with a lowring day.

Concub. Thy fathers honour, graceleſſe Abfalon,
And ours thus beaten with thy violent armes,
Will crie for vengeance to the hoſt of heauen,
Whose power is euer armed againſt the prowde,
And will dart plagues at thy aſpiring head,
For doing this diſgrace to Dauids throne.

1180

2. To Dauids throne, to Dauids holy throne,
Whose ſcepter angels guard with ſwords of fire,
And ſit as Eagles on his conquering fiſt,
Ready to prey vpon his enemies,
Then thinke not thou the captaine of his foes,
Wert thou much ſwifter then Azahell was,
That could out-pace the nimble footed Roe,
To ſcape the furie of their thumping beakes,
Or dreadfull ſcope of their commanding wings.

1190

Achip. Let not my lord the King of Iſrael
Be angrie with a fillie womans threats,
But with the pleaſure he hath erſt enioied,
Turne them into their cabinets againe,
Till Dauids conqueſt be their ouerthrow.

Abſ. Into your bowers ye daughters of Diſdaine,
Gotten by furie of vnbridled luſt,
And waſh your couches with your mourning teares,
For greefe that Dauids kingdome is decaied.

1200

1. No Abſalon, his kingdome is enchaind
Faſt to the finger of great Iacobs God,
Which will not loſe it for a rebels loue. *Exeunt.*

Amafa. If I might giue aduiſe vnto the King,
Theſe concubines ſhould buy their taunts with bloud.

Abſ. Amafa no, but let thy martiall ſword

David and Bersabe.

Empty the paines of Dauids armed men,
And let these foolish women scape our hands
To recompence the shame they haue sustaind.
First Absolon was by the Trumpets found
Proclaimd through Hebron King of Israel,
And now is set in faire Ierusalem
With complete state, and glorie of a crowne.
Fiftie faire footmen by my chariot run,
And to the aire whose rupture rings my fame,
Where ere I ride they offer reuerence.
Why should not Absolon, that in his face
Carries the finall purpose of his God,
That is, to worke him grace in Israel,
Endeuour to atchieue with all his strength,
The state that most may satisfie his ioy,
Keeping his statutes and his couenants pure,
His thunder is intangled in my haire,
And with my beautie is his lightning quencht,
I am the man he made to glorie in,
When by the errors of my fathers sinne,
He lost the path that led into the land,
Wherewith our chosen ancestors were blest.

1210

1220

Enter Cusay.

1230

Cus. Long may the beautilous King of Israel liue,
To whom the people doe by thousands swarme.

Abs. What meaneth Cusay so to greet his foe,
Is this the loue thou shewdst to Dauids soule,
To whose assistance thou hast vowed thy life,
Why leauest thou him in this extremitie.

Cus. Because the Lord and Israel chuseth thee,
And as before I serud thy fathers turne,
With counsell acceptable in his fight,
So likewise will I now obey his sonne.

1240

Abs. Then welcome Cusay to king Absalon,
And now my lords and louing counsellors,
I thinke it time to exercise our armes

Against

David and Bersabe.

Against forsaken David and his host,
Giue counsell first my good Achitophel,
What times and orders we may best obserue,
For prosperous manage of these high exploits.

Achi. Let me chuse out twelue thousand valiant men,
And (while the night hides with her fable mists
The close endeuors cunning fouldiers vse) 1250
I will assault thy discontented fire,
And while with weakenesse of their wearie armes,
Surchargd with toile to shun thy suddaine power,
The people flie in huge difordred troupes
To saue their liues, and leaue the King alone,
Then will I smite him with his latest wound,
And bring the people to thy feet in peace.

Abf. Well hath Achitophel giuen his aduise,
Yet let vs heare what Cusay counfels vs,
Whose great experience is well worth the eare. 1260

Cusf. Though wise Achitophel be much more meet
To purchase hearing with my lord the King,
For all his former counfels, then my selfe,
Yet not offending Absolon or him,
This time it is not good, nor worth pursute:
For well thou knowest thy fathers men are strong,
Chafing as thee beares robbed of their whelpes.
Besides the King himselfe a valiant man,
Traind vp in feats and stratagems of warre,
And will not for preuention of the worst 1270
Lodge with the common fouldiers in the field:
But now I know his wonted policies
Haue taught him lurke within some secret caue,
Guarded with all his stoutest fouldiers,
Which if the forefront of his battell faint,
Will yet giue out that Absalon doth flie,
And so thy fouldiers be discouraged.
David himselfe withall, whose angry heart
Is as a Lyons, letted of his walke,

David and Bethsabe.

Will fight himfelfe, and all his men to one, 1280
Before a few fhall vanquifh him by feare.
My counfell therefore, is with Trumpets found
To gather men from Dan to Berfabe,
That they may march in number like fea fands,
That neffle clofe in anothers necke :
So fhall we come vpon him in our ftrengh,
Like to the dew that fals in fhowers from heauen,
And leaue him not a man to march withall.
Besides if any citie fuccour him,
The nnumbers of our men fhall fetch vs ropes, 1290
And we will pull it downe the riuers ftreames,
That not a ftone be left to keepe vs out.

Abs. What faies my lord to Cufaies counfell now ?

Ama. I fancie Cufaies counfell better farre
Then that is giuen vs from Achitophel,
And fo I thinke doth euery fouldier here.

All. Cufaies counfell is better then Achitophels.

Abs. Then march we after Cufaies counfell all,
Sound trumpets through the bounds of Ifrael,
And mufter all the men will ferue the King, 1300
That Abfalon may glut his longing foule
With fole fruition of his fathers crowne. *Exeunt.*

Ach. Ill fhall they fare that follow thy attempts,
That skornes the counfell of Achitophel.

Reftat Cufay.

Cufay. Thus hath the power of Iacobs iealous God
Fulfil'd his feruant Dauids drifts by me,
And brought Achitophels aduife to fcorne.

Enter Sadoc, Abiathar, Abimaas, and Ionathan.

Sadoc. God faue lord Cufay, and direct his zeale 1310
To purchafe Dauids conqueft gainft his fonne.

Abia. What fecrets haft thou gleande from Abfalon.

Cufay. Thefe facred priefts that beare the arke of God,
Achitophel aduifd him in the night

To

David and Bethsabe.

To let him chuse twelue thousand fighting men,
And he would come on Dauid at vnwares,
While he was wearie with his violent toile :
But I aduise to get a greater host,
And gather men from Dan to Bersabe,
To come vpon him strongly in the fields.
Then send Ahimaas and Ionathan
To signifie these secrets to the King,
And will him not to stay this night abroad,
But get him ouer Iordane presently,
Least he and all his people kisse the sword.

1320

Sadoc. Then goe Ahimaas and Ionathan,
And straight conuey this message to the King.

Abim. Father we will, if Absalons cheefe spies
Preuent not this deuise, and stay vs here. *Exeunt.*

Semei solus.

Sc. xii

Semei. The man of Israel, that hath rul'd as King,
Or rather as the Tyrant of the land,
Bolstering his hatefull head vpon the throne,
That God vnworthily hath blest him with,
Shall now I hope, lay it as low as hell,
And be depos'd from his detested chaire.
O that my bosome could by nature beare,
A sea of poyson to be powr'd vpon
His curst head that sacred baulme hath grac'd,
And consecrated King of Israel :
Or would my breath were made the smoke of hell,
Infected with the sighs of damned foules,
Or with the reeking of that serpents gorge,
That feeds on adders, toads, and venomous roots,
That as I opened my reuenging lips
To curse the sheepeheard for his Tyrannie,
My words might cast rancke poyson to his pores,
And make his swolne and ranckling finewes cracke,
Like to the combat blowes that breake the clouds,
When Ioues stout champions fight with fire,

1332

1340

1350

See

Dauid and Berſabe.

See where he commeth, that my foule abhors.
I haue prepar'd my pocket full of ſtones
To caſt at him, mingled with earth and duſt,
Which burſting with diſdaine, I greet him with.

Dauid, Ioab, Abyſhai, Ithay, with others.

Semei. Come forth thou murderer and wicked man,
The Lord hath brought vpon thy curſed head
The guiltleſſe blood of Saule and all his ſonnes,
Whoſe royall throne thy baſeneſſe hath vſurpt,
And to reuenge it deepely on thy foule, 1360
The Lord hath giuen the kingdome to thy ſonne,
And he ſhall wreake the traitrous wrongs of Saule,
Euen as thy finne hath ſtill importund heauen,
So ſhall thy murders and adulterie
Be puniſht in the fight of Iſrael,
As thou deſeruſt with blood, with death, and hell.

Hence murderer, hence, he threw at him.

Abiſ. Why doth his dead dog curſe my lord the King,
Let me alone to take away his head.

Da. Why medleth thus the ſon of Zeruia 1370
To interrupt the action of our God?
Semei vſeth me with this reproch,
Becaufe the Lord hath ſent him to reprove
The finnes of Dauid, printed in his browes,
With blood that bluſheth for his conſcience guilt,
Who dares then aſke him why he curſeth me?

Semei. If then thy conſcience tell thee thou haſt find,
And that thy life is odious to the world,
Command thy followers to ſhun thy face,
And by thy ſelfe here make away thy foule, 1380
That I may ſtand and glorie in thy ſhame.

Da. I am not deſperate Semei like thy ſelfe,
But truſt vnto the couenant of my God,
Founded on mercie with repentance built,
And finiſht with the glorie of my foule.

Semei.

David and Bersabe.

Semei. A murtherer, and hope for mercie in thy end
Hate and destruction fit vpon thy browes
To watch the issue of thy damned ghost,
Which with thy latest gaspe theile take and teare,
Hurling in euery paine of hell a peece. 1390
Hence murtherer, thou shame to Israel,
Foule letcher, drunkard, plague to heauen and earth.

He throwes at him.

Ioab. What is it pietie in Dauids thoughts,
So to abhorre from lawes of pollicie
In this extremitie of his distresse,
To giue his subiects cause of carelesnesse,
Send hence the dog with sorrow to his graue.

David. Why should the sons of Zerua seeke to checke
His spirit which the Lord hath thus inspir'd: 1400
Behold my sonne which issued from my flesh,
With equall furie seekes to take my life.
How much more then the sonne of Iemini,
Cheefely since he doth nought but Gods command,
It may be he will looke on me this day
With gracious eyes, and for his cursing bleffe,
The heart of David in his bitternesse.

Semei. What doest thou fret my foule with sufferance?
O that the foules of Isboseth and Abner,
Which thou sentst swimming to their graues in bloud, 1410
With wounds fresh bleeding, gasping for reuenge,
Were here to execute my burning hate:
But I will hunt thy foot with curses still,
Hence Monster, Murtherer, Mirror of Contempt.

He throwes dust againe.

Enter Ahimaas and Ionathan.

Ahim. Long life to David, to his enemies death.

Da. Welcome Ahimaas and Ionathan,
What newes sends Cusay to thy lord the King.

Ahim. Cusay would wish my lord the King,

G

To 1420

David and Bethsabe.

To passe the riuér Iordane presently,
Least he and all his people perish here.
For wife Achitophel hath counsel'd Abfalon
To take aduantage of your wearie armes,
And come this night vpon you in the fields.
But yet the Lord hath made his counsell skorne,
And Cusaies pollicie with praise preferd,
Which was to number euery Ifraelite,
And so assault you in their pride of strength.

Ionat. Abiathar besides intreats the King
To send his men of warre against his sonne,
And hazard not his person in the field.

1430

David. Thankes to Abiathar, and to you both,
And to my Cusay, whom the Lord requite,
But tenne times treble thankes to his soft hand,
Whose pleasant touch hath made my heart to dance,
And play him praises in my zealous breast,
That turnd the counsell of Achitophel
After the praiers of his seruants lips.
Now will we passe the*riuér all this night,
And in the morning found the voice of warre,
The voice of bloudie and vnkindly warre.

1440

Ioab. Then tell vs how thou wilt deuide thy men,
And who shall haue the speciall charge herein.

Dau. Ioab, thy selfe shall for thy charge conduct,
The first third part of all my valiant men,
The second shall Abisaies valour lead,
The third faire Ithay, which I most should grace,
For comfort he hath done to Dauids woes,
And I my selfe will follow in the midst.

1450

Ith. That let not David, for though we should flie,
Tenne thousand of vs were not halfe so much
Esteemd with Dauids enemies, as himselfe,
Thy people louing thee, denie thee this.

Da. What seemes them best, then that will David doe,
But now my lords and captaines heare his voice

That

David and Bethsabe.

That neuer yet pierst pittious heauen in vaine,
Then let it not slip lightly through your eares,
For my sake spare the young man Abſalon.
Ioab thy ſelfe didſt once vſe friendly words 1460
To reconcile my heart incenſt to him,
If then thy loue be to thy kinfman found,
And thou wilt proue a perfit Iſraelite,
Friend him with deeds, and touch no haire of him,
Not that fair haire with which the wanton winds
Delight to play, and loues to make it curle,
Wherein the Nightingales would build their neſts,
And make ſweet bowers in euery golden treſſe,
To ſing their louer euery night aſleepe.
O ſpoile not Ioab, Ioues faire ornaments, 1470
Which he hath ſent to ſolace Dauids ſoule.
The beſt ye ſee (my lords) are ſwift to finne,
To finne our feet are waſht with milke of Roes,
And dried againe with coales of lightening.
O Lord thou ſeeſt the prowdeſt finnes, poore ſlaue,
And with his bridle, pulſt him to the graue,
For my ſake then ſpare louely Abſalon.

Ith. Wee will my lord for thy ſake fauour him.

Exeunt.

Achitophel ſolus with a halter.

Sc. xiii

Achi. Now hath Achitophel orderd his houſe,
And taken leaue of euery pleaſure there, 1482
Hereon depends Achitophels delights,
And in this circle muſt his life be cloſde.
The wife Achitophel, whoſe counſell prou'd
Euer as ſound for fortunate ſucceſſe,
As if men aſkt the Oracle of God,
Is now vſde like the foole of Iſrael,
Then ſet thy angrie ſoule vpon her wings,
And let her flie into the ſhade of death, 1490
And for my death, let heauen for euer weepe,

G ij

Making

Dauid and Bersabe.

Making huge flouds vpon the land I leaue,
To rauish them, and all their fairest fruits.
Let all the sighs I breath'd for this disgrace,
Hang on my hedges like eternall mists,
As mourning garments for their maisters death.
Ope earth, and take thy miserable sonne
Into the bowels of thy curfed wombe,
Once in a surfet thou diddest spue him forth,
Now for fell hunger sucke him in againe,
And be his bodie poyson to thy vaines,
And now thou hellish instrument of heauen,
Once execute th'arrest of Ioues iust doome,
And stop his breast that curseth Israel. *Exit.*

1500

Abfalon, Amasa, with all his traine.

Sc. xii

Abf. Now for the crowne and throne of Israel,
To be confirmd with vertue of my sword,
And writ with Dauids blood vpon the blade,
Now Ioue let forth the golden firmament,
And looke on him with all thy fierie eyes,
Which thou hast made to giue their glories light,
To shew thou louest the vertue of thy hand,
Let fall a wreath of starres vpon my head,
Whose influence may gouerne Israel,
With state exceeding all her other Kings.
Fight lords and captaines, that your foueraignes face
May shine in honour brighter then the sunne,
And with the vertue of my beautious raies,
Make this faire land as fruitfull as the fields,
That with sweet milke and hony ouerflow'd.
God in the whiffing of a pleasant wind,
Shall march vpon the tops of Mulberie trees,
To coole all breasts that burne with any greefes,
As whylome he was good to Moyfes men.
By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,
To guide your footsteps to the fields of ioy,

1510

1520

And

Dauid and Bersabe.

And in the night a piller bright as fire
Shall goe before you like a second funne,
Wherein the essence of his godhead is,
That day and night you may be brought to peace, 1530
And neuer swarue from that delightfome path,
That leads your foules to perfect happineſſe.
This ſhall he doe for ioy when I am King:
Then fight braue captaines that theſe ioies may flie
Into your boſomes with ſweet victorie. *Exeunt.*

The battell, and Abſalon hangs by the haire. Sc. xv

What angrie angel fitting in theſe ſhades,
Hath laid his cruell hands vpon my haire,
And holds my body thus twixt heauen and earth?
Hath Abſalon no ſouldier neere his hand, 1540
That may vntwine me this vnpleaſant curle,
Or wound this tree that rauifheth his lord?
O God behold the glorie of thy hand,
And choiſeſt fruit of Natures workemanſhip,
Hang like a rotten branch vpon this tree,
Fit for the axe, and ready for the fire.
Since thou withholdſt all ordinarie helpe
To loſe my bodie from this bond of death,
O let my beautie fill theſe fenceleſſe plants,
With fence and power to loſe me from this plague, 1550
And worke ſome wonder to preuent his death,
Whoſe life thou madſt a ſpeciall miracle.

Ioab with another ſouldier.

Sould. My lord I ſaw the young prince Abſalon
Hang by the haire vpon a ſhadie oke,
And could by no meanes get himſelfe vnloſde,

Ioab. Why ſlewſt thou not the wicked Abſalon,
That rebell to his father and to heauen,
That ſo I might haue giuen thee for thy paines

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Tenne filuer fickles, and a golden waft.

1560

Sould. Not for a thousand fickles would I flay
The sonne of Dauid, whom his father chargd,
Nor thou Abifay, nor the sonne of Gath,
Should touch with ftroke of deadly violence.
The charge was giuen in hearing of vs all,
And had I done it, then I know thy felfe,
Before thou wouldft abide the Kings rebuke,
Wouldft haue accus'd me as a man of death.

Ioab. I muft not now ftand trifling here with thee.

Abf. Helpe Ioab, helpe, O helpe thy Abfalon,
Let not thy angrie thoughts be laid in blood,
In blood of him, that fometimes nourisht thee,
And foftned thy sweet heart with friendly loue,
O giue me once againe my fathers fight,
My deerest father, and my princely foueraigne,
That shedding teares of blood before his face,
The ground may witneffe, and the heauens record,
My laft fubmiffion found and full of ruth.

1570

Ioab. Rebell to nature, hate to heauen and earth,
Shall I giue helpe to him, that thirfts the foule
Of his deere father, and my foueraigne lord?
Now fee the Lord hath tangled in a tree
The health and glorie of thy ftubborne heart,
And made thy pride curbd with a fenceleffe plant,
Now Abfalon how doth the Lord regard
The beautie wherevpon thy hope was built,
And which thou thoughtft his grace did glorie in?
Findft thou not now with feare of instant death,
That God affects not any painted shape,
Or goodly perfonage, when the vertuous foule
Is ftufft with naught but pride and ftubbornneffe?
But preach I to thee, while I fhould reuenge
Thy curfed finne that ftaineth Ifrael,
And makes her fields blufh with her childrens blood?
Take that as part of thy deferued plague,

1580

1590

Which

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Which worthily no torment can inflict.

Abf. O Ioab, Ioab, cruell ruthlesse Ioab,
Herewith thou woundst thy Kingly soueraignes heart,
Whose heauenly temper hates his childrens bloud,
And will be sicke I know for Abfalon.

1600

O my deere father, that thy melting eyes
Might pierce this thicket to behold thy sonne,
Thy deereft sonne gor'de with a mortall dart:
Yet Ioab pittie me, pittie my father, Ioab,
Pittie his foules distresse that mournes my life,
And will be dead I know to heare my death.

Ioab. If he were so remorsefull of thy state,
Why sent he me against thee with the sword?
All Ioab meanes to pleasure thee withall,
Is to dispatch thee quickly of thy paine,
Hold Abfalon, Ioabs pittie is in this,
In this prowde Abfalon is Ioabs loue.

1610

He goes out.

Abf. Such loue, such pittie Israels God send thee,
And for his loue to Dauid pittie me,
Ah my deere father, see thy bowels bleed,
See death assault thy deereft Abfalon,
See, pittie, pardon, pray for Abfalon.

Enter fīue or sixe souldiors.

See where the rebell in his glorie hangs,
Where is the vertue of thy beautie Abfalon,
Will any of vs here now feare thy looks?
Or be in loue with that thy golden haire,
Wherein was wrapt rebellion gainst thy fire,
And cords prepar'd to stop thy fathers breath?
Our captaine Ioab hath begun to vs,
And heres an end to thee, and all thy finnes.
Come let vs take the beauteous rebell downe,
And in some ditch amidst this darkefome wood,
Burie his bulke beneath a heape of stones,
Whose stonie heart did hunt his fathers death.

1620

1630

Enter

Dauid and Bersabe.

*Enter in triumph with drum and ensigne, Ioab, Abyssai,
and souldiers to Abfalon.*

Ioab. Well done tall souldiers take the Traitor downe,
And in this myerie ditch interre his bones,
Couering his hatefull breast with heapes of stones,
This shadie thicket of darke Ephrami
Shall euer lower on his curfed graue.
Night Rauens and Owles shall ring his fatall knell,
And fit exclaiming on his damned foule, 1640
There shall they heape their preyes of Carrion,
Till all his graue be clad with stinking bones,
That it may loth the fence of euery man,
So shall his end breed horror to his name,
And to his traitrous fact eternall shame. *Exit.*

s. Chorus. 1650
Chor. II
Oh dreadfull president of his iust doome,
Whose holy heart is neuer toucht with ruth
Of fickle beautie, or of glorious shapes,
Bur with the vertue of an vpriight foule,
Humble and zealous in his inward thoughts,
Though in his person loathsome and deform'd.
Now since this storie lends vs other store,
To make a third discourse of Dauids life,
Adding thereto his most renowned death,
And all their deaths, that at his death he iudgd,
Here end we this, and what here wants to please,
We will supplie with treble willingesse.

Abfalon with three or foure of his seruants or gentlemen. misplaced
fragment

Abf. What boots it Abfalon, vnhappy Abfalon,
Sighing I say what boots it Abfalon,
To haue disclof'd a farre more worthy wombe

1660

Then

Dauid and Bethsabe.

*Trumpets found, enter Ioab, Ahimaas, Cusay,
Amasa, with all the rest.*

Sc. xvi

Ioab. Souldiers of Israel, and ye sonnes of Iuda,
That haue contended in these irkefome broiles,
And ript old Israels bowels with your swords:
The godlesse generall of your stubborne armes
Is brought by Israels helper to the graue:
A graue of shame, and skorne of all the Tribes,
Now then to saue your honours from the dust,
And keepe your blouds in temper by your bones,
Let Ioabs ensigne shroud your manly heads,
Direct your eies, your weapons, and your hearts
To guard the life of Dauid from his foes.
Error hath maskt your much too forward minds,
And you haue find against the chofen state,
Against his life, for whom your liues are blest,
And followed an vsurper to the field,
In whose iust death your deaths are threatned,
But Ioab pitties your disordered soules,
And therefore offers pardon, peace, and loue,
To all that will be friendly reconcil'de
To Israels weale, to Dauid, and to heauen.
Amasa, thou art leader of the host,
That vnder Absalon haue raisde their armes:
Then be a captaine wife and polliticke,
Carefull and louing for thy souldiers liues,
And lead them to this honourable league.

1670

1680

Amasa. I will, at least Ile doe my best,
And for the gracious offer thou hast made,
I giue thee thanks as much as for my head.
Then you deceiu'd poore soules of Israel,
Since now ye see the errors you incurd,
With thanks and due submission be appeasde,
And as ye see your captaines president

1690

H

Here

David and Bersabe.

Here cast we then our fwords at Ioabs feet,
Submitting with all zeale and reuerence
Our goods and bodies to his gracious hands.

All stand vp.

1700

Ioab. Stand vp and take ye all your fwords againe,
David and Ioab shall be blest herein.

Abim. Now let me go enforme my lord the King,
How God hath freed him from his enemies.

Ioab. Another time Ahimaas, not now,
But Cusay goe thy selfe, and tell the King
The happie message of our good successe.

Cus. I will my lord, and thanke thee for thy grace.

Exit Cusay.

Abim. What if thy seruant should goe to my lord?

1710

Ioab. What newes hast thou to bring since he is gone?

Abim. Yet doe Ahimaas so much content,
That he may run about so sweet a charge. *Exit.*

Ioab. Run if thou wilt, and peace be with thy steps:
Now follow, that you may salute the King
With humble hearts and reconciled soules.

Ama. We follow Ioab to our gracious King,
And him our fwords shall honour to our deaths.

Exeunt.

*David, Bethsabe, Salomon, Nathan, Adonia, Chileab,
with their traine.*

Sc. xvii

Beth. What meanes my lord, the lampe of Ifrael,
From whose bright eyes all eyes receiue their light,
To dim the glory of his sweet aspects,
And paint his countenance with his hearts distresse?
Why should his thoughts retaine a sad conceit,
When euery pleasure kneeles before his throne,
And fues for sweet acceptance with his grace,
Take but your Lute, and make the mountaines dance,
Retriue the funnes sphere, and restraints the clouds,

1722

1730

Giue

Dauid and Bersabe.

Giue eares to trees, make sauage Lyons tame,
Impose still silence to the loudest winds,
And fill the fairest day with foulest stormes,
Then why should passions of much meaner power,
Beare head against the heart of Israel.

Da. Faire Bersabe, thou mightst increase the strength,
Of these thy arguments, drawne from my skill,
By vrging thy sweet fight to my conceits,
Whose vertue euer seru'd for sacred baulme
To cheere my pinings past all earthly ioies,
But Bethsabe, the daughter of the highest,
Whose beautie builds the towers of Israel,
Shee that in chaines of pearle and vnicorne,
Leads at her traine the ancient golden world,
The world that Adam held in Paradise,
Whose breath refineth all infectious aires,
And makes the meddowes smile at her repaire.
Shee, Shee, my dearest Bethsabe,
Faire peace, the goddesse of our graces here,
Is fled the streets of faire Ierusalem,
The fields of Israel, and the heart of Dauid,
Leading my comforts in her golden chaines,
Linckt to the life and soule of Absalon.

1740

1750

Beth. Then is the pleasure of my foueraignes heart,
So wrapt within the bosome of that sonne,
That Salomon, whom Israels God affects,
And gaue the name vnto him for his loue,
Should be no salue to comfort Dauids soule?

Dau. Salomon (my loue) is Dauids lord,
Our God hath nam'd him lord of Israel:
In him (for that, and since he is thy sonne)
Must Dauid needs be pleased at the heart,
And he shall surely sit vpon my throne:
But Absalon the beautie of my bones,
Faire Absalon the counterfeite of loue,
Sweet Absalon, the image of content,

1760

H ij

Must

David and Bethsabe.

Must claime a portion in his fathers care,
And be in life and death King Dauids sonne.

Nat. Yet as my lord hath said, let Salomon raigne,
Whom God in naming, hath annointed King.
Now is he apt to learne th'eternall lawes,
Whose knowledge being rooted in his youth,
Will beautifie his age with glorious fruits,
While Abfalon incenst with gracelesse pride,
Vsurpes and stains the kingdome with his sinne,
Let Salomon be made thy staffe of age,
Faile Israels rest, and honour of thy race.

1770

Da. Tell me my Salomon, wilt thou imbrace
Thy fathers precepts graued in thy heart,
And satisfie my zeale to thy renowne,
With practise of such sacred principles
As shall concerne the state of Israel?

1780

Sal. My royall father, if the heauenly zeale
Which for my welfare feeds vpon your soule,
Were not sustained with vertue of mine owne,
If the sweet accents of your cheerefull voice
Should not each hower beat vpon mine eares
As sweetly as the breath of heauen to him
That gaspeth scorched with the Summers sunne,
I should be guiltie of vnpardoned sinne,
Fearing the plague of heauen, and shame of earth:
But since I vow my selfe to learne the skill
And holy secrets of his mightie hand
Whose cunning tunes the musicke of my soule,
It would content me (father) first to learne
How th'eternall fram'd the firmament,
Which bodies lead their influence by fire?
And which are filld with hoarie Winters yfe?
What signe is raignie, and what starre is faire?
Why by the rules of true proportion
The yeare is still diuided into months,
The months to daies, the daies to certaine howers?

1790

1800

What

David and Bethsabe.

What fruitfull race shall fill the future world?
Or for what time shall this round building stand?
What Magistrates, what Kings shall keepe in awe
Mens minds with bridles of th'eternall law?

Da. Wade not too farre my boy in waues too deepe,

The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts

Behold things present, and record things past:

But things to come, exceed our humane reach,

1810

And are not painted yet in angels eyes:

For those, submit thy fence, and say, Thou power

That now art framing of the future world,

Knowest all to come, not by the course of heauen,

By fraile coniectures of inferiour signes,

By monstrous floods, by flights and flockes of birds,

By bowels of a sacrificed beast,

Or by the figures of some hidden art:

But by a true and naturall prefage,

Laying the ground and perfect architect

1820

Of all our actions now before thine eyes,

From Adam to the end of Adams feed.

O heauen protect my weakenesse with thy strength,

So looke on me that I may view thy face,

And see these secrets written in thy browes.

O sun come dart thy raies vpon my moone,

That now mine eyes eclipsed to the earth,

May brightly be refin'd and shine to heauen.

Transforme me from this flesh, that I may liue

Before my death, regenerate with thee.

1830

O thou great God, rauish my earthly sprite,

That for the time a more then humane skill

May feed the Organons of all my fence,

That when I thinke, thy thoughts may be my guide,

And when I speake, I may be made by choice

The perfect eccho of thy heauenly voice.

Thus say my sonne, and thou shalt learne them all.

Sal. A secret fury rauisheth my soule,

H iij

Lifting

Dauid and Bersabe.

Lifting my mind aboue her humane bounds,
And as the Eagle roused from her stand,
With violent hunger (towing in the aire)
Seafeth her feathered prey, and thinkes to feed,
But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,
Lets fall the foule, and is emboldened
With eies intentiue to bedare the sun,
And stieth close vnto his stately sphere:
So Salomon mounted on the burning wings
Of zeale deuine, lets fall his mortall food,
And cheeres his senses with celestiall aire,
Treads in, the golden starrie Labyrinth,
And holds his eyes fixt on Iehouaes browes,
Good father teach me further what to doe.

1840

1850

Nath. See Dauid how his haughtie spirit mounts
Euen now of heighth to wield a diademe,
Then make him promise, that he may succeed,
And rest old Israels bones from broiles of warre.

Dauid. Nathan thou Prophet, sprung from Iesses root,
I promise thee, and louely Bethsabe,
My Salomon shall gouerne after me.

Beth. He that hath toucht thee with this righteous thought
Preferue the harbour of thy thoughts in peace.

Enter Mess.

Mess. My lord, thy seruants of the watch haue seene
One running hitherward from forth the warres.

Dauid. If hee bee come alone, he bringeth newes.

Mess. Another hath thy seruant seene my lord,
Whose running much resembles Sadocs sonne.

Da. He is a good man, and good tidings brings.

Enter Ahimaas.

Abim. Peace and content be with my lord the King,
Whom Israels God hath blest with victory.

1870

Da. Tell me Ahimaas, liues my Absalon?

Abim. I saw a troupe of souldiours gathered,
But know not what the tumult might import.

Dauid.

Dauid and Berſabe.

Dau. Stand by, vntill ſome other may informe
The heart of Dauid with a happie truth.

Enter Cuſay.

Cuſay. Happineſſe and honour liue with Dauids ſoule,
Whom God hath bleſt with conqueſt of his foes.

Dauid. But Cuſay liues the yong man Abſalon?

1880

Cuſ. The ſtubborne enemies to Dauids peace,
And all that caſt their darts againſt his crowne,
Fare euer like the yong man Abſalon,
For as he rid the woods of Ephraim
(Which fought for thee as much as all thy men)
His haire was tangled in a ſhadie oake,
And hanging there (by Ioab and his men)
Sustained the ſtroke of well deſerued death.

Dauid. Hath Abſalon ſuſtained the ſtroke of death?

Die Dauid for the death of Abſalon,
And make theſe curſed newes the bloody darts,
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breaſt.
Hence Dauid, walke the ſolitarie woods,
And in ſome Cædars ſhade (the thunder flew,
And fire from heauen hath made his branches blacke)
Sit mourning the deceaſe of Abſalon,
Againſt the body of that blaſted plant
In thouſand ſhiuers breake thy yuorie Lute,
Hanging thy ſtringleſſe harpe vpon his boughs,
And through the hollow ſapleſſe ſounding truncke,
Bellow the torments that perplexe thy ſoule.
There let the winds fit fighting till they burſt,
Let tempeſt muffled with a cloud of pitch,
Threaten the forreſts with her helliſh face,
And (mounted fiercely on her yron wings)
Rend vp the wretched engine by the roots
That held my deareſt Abſalon to death.

1890

Then let them toſſe my broken Lute to heauen,
Euen to his hands that beats me with the ſtrings,
To ſhew how ſadly his poore ſheepeheard ſings.

1900

1910

He

David and Bethfabe.

He goes to his pavillion, and sits close a while.

Beth. Die Bethfabe to see thy David mourne,
To heare his tunes of anguish and of hell,
O helpe my David, helpe thy Bethfabe,

She kneeles downe.

Whose heart is pierced with thy breathie fwords,
And bursts with burthen of tenne thousand greefes.
Now fits thy sorrowes sucking of my bloud,
O that it might be poison to their powers,
And that their lips might draw my bosome drie,
So Dauids loue might ease him, though she die.

1920

Nat. These violent passions come not from aboue,
David and Bethfabe offend the highest,
To mourne in this immeasurable sort.

Dau. O Abfalon, Abfalon, O my sonne, my sonne,
Would God that I had died for Abfalon:
But he is dead, ah dead, Abfalon is dead,
And David liues to die for Abfalon.

He looks forth, and at the end sits close againe.

Enter Ioab, Abisay, Ithay, with their traine.

1930

Ioab. Why lies the Queene so prostrate on the ground?
Why is this companie so Tragicke hew'd?
Why is the King now absent from his men?
And marcheth not in triumph through the gates?

He vnfoldes the pavillion.

David awake, if sleepe haue shut thine eies,
Sleepe of affection, that thou canst not see
The honour offerd to the victors head,
Ioab brings conquest pierced on his speare,
And ioy from all the Tribes of Israel.

1940

David. Thou man of bloud, thou sepulchre of death,
Whose marble breast intombe my bowels quicke,
Did I not charge thee, nay intreat thy hand,
Euen for my sake to spare my Abfalon?
And hast thou now in spight of Dauids health,

And

Dauid and Berſabe.

And ſkorne to doe my heart ſome happineſſe,
Giuen him the ſword, and ſpilt his purple ſoule?

Ioab. What? irkes it Dauid, that he victor breaths,
That Iuda and the fields of Iſrael,
Should cleaſe their faces from their childrens bloud?
What art thou wearie of thy royall rule?

1950

Iſraels throne a Serpent in thine eyes,
And he that ſet thee there, ſo farre from thanks,
That thou muſt curſe his ſeruant for his ſake?

Haſt thou not ſaid, that as the morning light,
The cloudeleſſe morning, ſo ſhould be thine houſe,
And not as flowers by the brighteſt raine,
Which growes vp quickly, and as quickly fades?

Haſt thou not ſaid, the wicked are as thornes,
That cannot be preſerued with the hand,
And that the man ſhall touch them, muſt be armd
With coats of yron, and garments made of ſteele,
Or with the ſhaft of a defended ſpeare?

1960

And art thou angrie he is now cut off,
That lead the guiltleſſe ſwarming to their deaths,
And was more wicked then an hoſt of men?

Aduance thee from thy melancholy denne,
And decke thy bodie with thy bliſfull robes,
Or by the Lord that ſwaies the heauen, I ſweare,
Ile lead thine armies to another King,

1970

Shall cheere them for their princely chiuallrie,
And not fit daunted, frowning in the darke,
When his faire lookes, with Oyle and Wine refreſht,
Should dart into their boſomes gladſome beames,
And fill their ſtomackes with triumphant feaſts,
That when elſewhere ſterne warre ſhall ſound his trumpe,

And call another battaile to the field,
Fame ſtill may bring thy valiant ſouldiers home,
And for their ſeruice happily confeſſe

She wanted worthy trumpes to ſound their prowefſe,
Take thou this courſe and liue, reſuſe, and die.

1980

David and Bersabe.

Abisay. Come brother, let him sit there till he fincke,
Some other shall aduance the name of Ioab.

Offers to goe out.

Beth. O stay my lords, stay, David mournes no more,
But riseth to giue honour to your acts.

Stay.

He riseth vp.

David. Then happie art thou Davids fairest sonne,
That freed from the yoke of earthly toiles,
And sequestred from sence of humane finnes,
Thy soule shall ioy the sacred cabinet
Of those deuine Ideas, that present
Thy changed spirit with a heauen of blisse.
Then thou art gone, ah thou art gone my sonne
To heauen I hope my Absalon is gone,
Thy soule there plac'd in honour of the Saints
Or angels clad with immortalitie,
Shall reape a feuenfold grace, for all thy greefes,
Thy eyes now no more eyes but shining stars,
Shall decke the flaming heauens with nouell lampes.
There shalt thou tast the drinke of Seraphins,
And cheere thy feelings with archangels food,
Thy day of rest, thy holy Sabbath day
Shall be eternall, and the curtaine drawne,
Thou shalt behold thy foueraigne face to face,
With wonder knit in triple vnitie,
Vnitie infinite and innumerable,
Courage braue captaines, Ioabs tale hath stird,
And made the suit of Israel preferd.

1990

2000

Ioab. Brauely resolud and spoken like a King,
Now may old Israel, and his daughters sing.

2010

Exeunt.

F I N I S.